

TALES OF HEROISM AND SELF-SACRIFICE TOLD BY SURVIVORS

SURVIVORS, DAZED, TELL OF THEIR ESCAPE

Many Deeds of Heroism in Short
14 Minutes Before
Vessel Sank.

CREW DID VALIANT WORK
No Blame on Them That More
Passengers Were
Not Saved.

QUEBEC, May 30.—Survivors of the Empress of Ireland, still dazed by the narrowness of their escape from death and by the physical tortures they suffered, told something today of the experiences they had yesterday in the fourteen minutes between the time the liner was struck by the collier Storstad and sank in the St. Lawrence off Cook Point to the east of Father Point. In the luxurious hotel, the Chateau Frontenac, in the Seaman's Mission, in the hospitals and on ships where they are being cared for and nursed they spoke of their dangers. There were stories of self-sacrifice where men died that women might live, of battles in the water and of lifeboats falling on struggling men and women in the water.

While many of the crew were saved, a great number in comparison to the number of passengers who were drowned, there is no accusation against members of the crew. The decision of the surviving passengers is that the boat sank so quickly after the collision that there was no time for the crew to do rescue work because those on deck were tumbling into the water when the vessel turned on her starboard side.

Both Good Swimmers—Escaped.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Freeman of Wisconsin at the Chateau Frontenac told a vivid story of their dash for safety after the Empress was smashed by the collier. Mr. Freeman jumped from his berth and seizing a sweater he threw it around Mrs. Freeman. In the dark they struggled up the companionway and made their way to the port side, where the unmanageable lifeboat were. The boat keeled, and determined to die together they jumped into the water. They were separated, but both could swim. Whirled about the water they finally were picked up by a boat from the Storstad.

"Following the sinking of the ship," said Mrs. Freeman, "we were both dragged down. We became separated, but we were fair swimmers and thought we could help ourselves a little bit. When we came up I could not see my husband and he could not see me."

"Just before the collision," said Mrs. Freeman, "I had a premonition that something dreadful was going to happen. I lay there thinking of it and then I heard the whistles going and the men running on deck. That awoke my husband too. We saw that we were going to be swept into the water and we locked arms and jumped just before the boat turned. When I felt my husband's hands torn from mine I thought we never should see each other again. But we were picked up by boats from the same vessel and taken to her."

Saved by Capt. Kendall.

Charles Spencer, a bellboy on the Empress, told of the manner in which Capt. Kendall saved him. Still hysterical from the suffering he endured he cried as he told of his experiences.

"When the crash came I ran down to the steerage to wake up the boys there and get them to go to the bulkheads and turn them. They are closed by hand wheels. I did not have much time because when I reached there the water was two feet deep and I could hardly get through it. I knew two of the boys were drowned there. I and another, Samuel Baker, were the only bellboys saved out of the dozen on the vessel. After I woke up the boys below I ran up to the boat deck where men were trying to put the lifeboats overboard. The Empress had a list to starboard and the top deck was down to the water. She was sinking very fast. One of the funnels toppled into the water and almost fell on the lifeboat.

"When the boat made a final lurch I dove into the water because I felt I could get somewhere. When I came up Capt. Kendall was near me. He caught hold of me and helped me along. Harry Baker was near us and the captain took him too. He helped us along and we were in the water about twenty minutes when we were picked up and taken to the coal boat. We were not far away when the port side blew out.

"They took care of us when they put us in at Rimouski. They did not have enough clothes for us, so far as boys they took bugs and cut holes in them for our arms and legs. They gave us all kinds of socks and old slippers and shoes that could not be matched, but we were glad to get anything to keep us warm."

"The bulkheads were closed forward. After I yelled to the boys to close the bulkheads I saw two of my chums standing by and closing the doors. They were both lost; they never got on deck."

"I, Price, ordinary seaman, who recently was awarded a medal for gallantry for jumping into the water from the Devonian to save a Volturno passenger, told this story:

"We had just put the pilot off in his boat. He had climbed down the starboard gangway into his tender and I had just got the sea ladder ready for carrying forward for stowage.

"ANCIENT MARINER" TELLS REMARKABLE WRECK TALE

QUEBEC, May 30.—Here in the lobby of the Chateau Frontenac an old man was pacing up and down at 7 o'clock this morning, collarless, hatless, and restless. He is one of the survivors of the Empress of Ireland and a man with a tale—a sort of ancient mariner.

He refuses his name, but he talks about the disaster, and many others refer reporters to him. But his is curious information given in jerky sentences with sudden impetuous rushes of words and then sudden silences as he paces up and down the floor.

The old man turned on his heel and looked down at his boots.

"Not bad boots, eh?" he queried, with a birdlike twist of his neck and a wry smile. "Fit pretty good, got them in the village, queer little village. Didn't know what had struck it. Neither did we."

"But the story, sir, how did it happen?"

"I was counting. The ship was as still as a dish on a shelf. I was lying next the outer wall of the cabin, where I could hear the engines beating sleepily down below. I could hear the quiet splashing of the water from the bow and every little while a sort of crash as a bigger wave rose and hit her on the nose. She was a pretty ship. There was a little motion, a little heave now and again, but nothing else."

"In the evening I read my Testament in the music room of the second class. There was some singing going on, but it never disturbs me. I was reading about our Lord in the garden, but I was thinking about the noises of the ship, quiet, sleepy noises, dreamy faraway noises that should have put me to sleep."

"Just when I was sort of sleeping down into a doze there was a bump—it did not seem to me a very bad bump—then a crash and things began tearing. The steel seemed to bend and twist under my hand as I touched the cabin wall getting out of the bunk. It made a shrieking noise."

"I did not wait for anything. I ran out, and before I reached the stairs the floor seemed to drop under me and instead of being level under my feet rose like a hill. I could hear a tremendous roar of water rushing in somewhere and at the same time a tremendous sweep of wind."

"The air of the ship came up from

I heard an order from the bridge, 'All hands! I dropped the sea ladder on the starboard side. We got that off, and let her down carefully and it reached the water safely. Then we ran to No. 16 on the port side. The officers were with us helping to get the boat over. While we were at it, the ship took a sudden lurch and threw us down the side of the ship, or rather down the slanting deck. The first officer was caught in the gear and carried overboard to his death."

"We tried another boat on the port side, and as the ship rolled it filled with women. The turning of the ship made it impossible to get the boat away and the women saw another boat near and jumped out to run to the other over the ship's side. They did not reach the other lifeboat, and all of them I think were drowned. As the vessel rolled over I jumped and swam around for half an hour, when I came across a beer barrel and held on until I was saved by one of the boats from the Storstad."

"There was no panic. It all happened so quickly that no one had a chance to be frightened. They had no chance to get to the upper decks. Many of the people were killed by the rafts sliding down the deck of the vessel. They were loose on decks and crashed into the people and smashed them against stanchions or swept them overboard."

George Copplin, pantryman of the first class, ran the deck when the crash came. "I tried to go out on the deck," he said, "but it was listed, and it was listed so that I was thrown under a collapsible lifeboat. I crawled out and helped get the boats out. We broke out No. 3 first. It broke free and fell into the water. We swung No. 5 out and got it down gradually, with two men in it to unhook. It picked up people in the water. The ship was down to the lower promenade deck and winches and other things were falling down the decks. Just as we were going away there was an explosion. The chief officer, Stede, of the Empress was killed by a boat falling down from the davits."

The Rev. James Wallcut, an Episcopal preacher of Westcliff-on-Sea, England, said that only the persons who could swim were saved. He had a remarkable escape, for he is very near sighted and without his glasses could see nothing.

"Only the strong swimmers were saved," he said. "We were all asleep. I heard the warning whistle of the vessel and then came the crash. I thought it was an iceberg we had hit. It was so crushing and so sudden. I ran upon deck, throwing on my coat and overcoat because I felt that if we were sinking we would be exposed to severe cold. I got on deck just as the vessel was heeling over. It did not seem so much that the ship was sinking as that the ocean was rising up over the ship. I could see little girls, with their hair hanging down over their night clothes, rush out on the deck in search of their parents and then disappear."

"Ten minutes afterward the ship was under water. As she went over I jumped. I was pulled down an unmeasurable distance. I struck against the hull in the glory hole, and told me the ship was sinking. He went up to the deck. While I was crawling out the ship gave a sudden lurch and boxes and trunks fell upon me, tearing my wrist and hitting on my back."

"I ran up to the boat deck where the men were trying to get the boats over. A lot of us tried to put over No. 12 boat on the port deck, but could not do it be-

below as the water rushed in. I scrambled up the tilting floor and reached the balustrade of the companionway. There was a sudden sort of 'glug' like water coming out of a near empty water bottle. She twisted again and the stairs were at a crazy angle. But I scrambled up. I take dumbbell exercises every morning of my life, I do, and I got up somehow to the level of the saloon deck."

"I went like mad. I scrambled up the sloping floor to the high side and I knew by instinct there would be rising water on the other side and I got on deck. She began to turn over like when you see a horse rolling in a field. Her great big whitish looking belly turned slowly upward and I jumped far, because, as she slewed over, her length of side increased. Then I was in the water."

The old man quit.

"I've talked enough," he snapped, rubbing the back of his hand against his cheek. "I've blabbed like a fool. No fool like an old fool. Got a match? Never mind. What'd I do? Swam. Ever swim for your life? I did once in a mill race. Fell in. Never drowned. My father licked me. Eh? What'd I do? Swam. I'm the best swimmer in our town."

His face suddenly went grave; he whitened and hurried to a bellboy's chair near at hand.

"I saw," he said, "I saw just grayness, grayness, and that damned water lapping, lapping like a fool dog that has ruined a ower bed and then stands sniffing at it, wondering what made things look so ugly. I never hated water so in my life before."

"It didn't seem wicked or vicious or menacing or cruel, but just foolish, like an idiot fooling with a double barreled shotgun and hopping around and laughing about it. There was a bit of a wind and it tittered, and there was a bit of sea and it hopped up and down sort of carefree, and aimless, as though to say, 'Oh, see what I done. Ain't I awful?'"

"At first I swam because I was excited and had lost my head; then I floated and got my wind. Then I shouted. The wind just snickered around and I began to prepare to meet my Maker, but it was willed for me to be spared. I was picked up by a lifeboat—a big Swede dragged me in."

The old man is still pacing the floor, "resting" his nerves, as he calls it.

cause the vessel had such a list to it. Then we went to No. 11 on the starboard side. We got that off, and let her down carefully and it reached the water safely. Then we ran to No. 16 on the port side. The officers were with us helping to get the boat over. While we were at it, the ship took a sudden lurch and threw us down the side of the ship, or rather down the slanting deck. The first officer was caught in the gear and carried overboard to his death."

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ENVOY BASES TREATY PLEA ON DISASTER

Sir Cecil Spring-Rice to Urge
Senate Action on Safety
Agreement.

LA FOLLETTE OBJECTS
Senator Doesn't Think Pact
Will Affect Any Vessels
Now Afloat.

WASHINGTON, May 30.—Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, the British Ambassador, strongly intimated today that as a result of the Empress of Ireland disaster he would ask the American Government to adopt without further delay the London Sea Safety Congress agreement, which, among other things, regulates the conduct of vessels in fog. The agreement is now before the Senate.

The disaster that overtook the Empress of Ireland has again aroused interest in Congress on the subject of legislation and international treaty looking to greater safety for travel by sea.

Senator Burton suggested that if the pending treaty agreed to at the international conference in London in January had been in effect the Empress of Ireland would probably have been rebuilt and that her hull would have been stronger and such an accident might have been avoided or at least not have been attended by so great loss of life.

Will Urge Ratification.

There is no question that an effort will be made to force the ratification of the pending treaty in the Senate and also to pass legislation carrying into effect its provisions. It is equally certain that the effort to ratify the treaty and to legislate on the subject will be met with opposition unless certain changes are made to meet the views of Senator La Follette and other Senators who are objecting to the treaty for one reason or another.

"This treaty that is pending in the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations and which was agreed to at the London conference will not affect a single vessel now afloat," said Senator La Follette. "There is nothing in the treaty as to the manning of vessels or requiring improvements that would add to safety or would affect a single vessel already afloat. The treaty only pretends to make improvements in vessels hereafter to be built and in view of the fact that the lives of the vessels now afloat are from twenty to forty years it can readily be seen how ineffective it will be."

Senator La Follette was the author of the seamen's bill, which passed the Senate and which was intended to affect not only the seamen employed in the merchant marine, but carried provisions for manning vessels, for adequate life saving devices and requirements as to construction that were intended to promote safety of travel by sea.

The bill embodied in the main the recommendations of the International Seamen's Union. The House Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries, which has had the bill for several months, made material changes in it to conform to the London treaty.

These changes are unsatisfactory to Senator La Follette and to the representatives of the International Seamen's Union. It will be recalled that Andrew Furuseth, who was appointed by President Wilson as one of the American delegates to the London conference, refused to subscribe to the conclusions reached by the conference and concurred in by the American delegates. He resigned and returned home. Furuseth, who is president of the International Seamen's Union, has been trying to promote a bill in Congress for several years. He declared that ship owners had captured the London conference. The treaty was the result of the Titanic disaster. It has been pending in the Senate for almost two months.

THIRTEEN IN HOSPITAL.

Woman With Both Legs Broken
Among Wreck Sufferers.

MONTREAL, May 30.—Following is a list of the injured in the hospital at Rimouski, received in Montreal over long distance telephone:

Gregory Snake, thigh fractured.
V. Foss, thigh fractured.
Mrs. A. E. Mullins, both legs fractured.
A. E. Hirst, fractured arm.
James McKeown, internal injuries.
R. Simonds, congestion of lungs.
Mrs. Simonds, badly bruised.
Mr. Wakefield, congestion of lungs. His son, assistant purser of the Empress of Ireland, is with him.
J. Brown, steward, internal injuries.
Man, thought to be Crook, unconscious, internal injuries.
Sampson, chief engineer, bad shock.
Seybold, Ottawa, first cabin, bad shock, slightly burned.
Capt. Kendall, shock, bruised.

MANY BODIES TAKEN FROM SEA, BUT FEW IDENTIFIED

RIMOUSKI, Quebec, May 30.—This village, having done all that was possible for the living, is now receiving the dead. More than 300 bodies recovered from the St. Lawrence have been brought here for shipment to Quebec. The Lady Evelyn left Rimouski this morning with nearly 300 bodies, and the cruiser Essex, which is anchored off Father Point, is ready to steam up the river as soon as she receives her burden of corpses.

The first measure taken this morning was the appointment of a corps of special constables to patrol the beach for fifty miles to the eastward. A strong south wind is blowing and it is likely that as the river gives up the dead they will be floated further out, thus delaying the work of recovery. It is expected, however, that many bodies will be found to-night and to-morrow.

The task that faces the Canadian Pacific officials and the Dominion Government representatives is a tremendous one. Hardly a man in authority has been able to close his eyes since the news of the disaster was received and special trains began to arrive here from Quebec and Montreal. Only a comparatively few of the bodies have been identified. Scarcely one was fully clothed. In most cases there was only a single night garment.

Few Have Been Identified.

A few have been identified. Among these was the body of Mrs. Gallagher of Winnipeg. Her son made the identification.

Upon the body of a Mr. Taylor, probably J. T. Taylor, a first cabin passenger, was a money belt containing \$2,000 in gold.

Another body is believed to be Alfred Anderson of London.

A woman's body has been identified as Mrs. P. Flack of Gravenhurst, Ont.

Something of the story of the disaster was revealed by the condition of the

bodies. Many had died with their arms extended above their heads. Several had drowned, although lifebelts were clasped about them.

In a few cases, and these among the dead from the Empress's steerage, identity was established in a rough way by means of the water-soaked immigrants' tickets. Some of these bits of paper told a story in themselves. In one hastily made coffin is the body of a man in the prime of life, Martin Storiynski, fastened around his neck was a wallet which contained a roll of water-soaked post office money order receipts for sums remitted to his mother in a central Russian village. He was on his way to Russia from Fernie, B. C.

The number of children among the dead in the temporary morgue at the Rimouski wharf is a heartrending thing. There were many children aboard the Empress of Ireland and only two, so far as can be learned, escaped. Here are the bodies of boys and girls, some of them children who were scarcely old enough to walk when they died, others who were 8 or 9 years old.

Near one of the coors in the pier lies the body of a little girl, possibly 10 years old. A young mother clasps tightly in her arms her little baby. They died together.

Identification is the great problem. It will be quite impossible to keep the bodies here until identification can be completed. The Salvation Army is preparing to send to Quebec as many as can be recovered of their 135 dead. The Canadian Pacific and Dominion officials will undoubtedly take the same course. Where identification has been possible, and the cases are few, the bodies have been refrigerated.

Every effort is being made at the scene of the disaster to recover bodies. The cruiser Essex is using her searchlights in an attempt to locate corpses that may be entangled in wreckage. Small boats are at work.

Great quantities of wreckage are re-

ported along the Gaspe coast, below Father Point. It seems likely that there are many bodies upon, or caught in, this wreckage. That is the opinion of Mr. Lyons, who requested that the Government steamship Lady Grey should be sent down the coast looking for bodies.

ONE TOWN LOSES EIGHT.

Some Were Leaders in Their Village of 200 People.

HOUSTON, Minn., May 30.—Eight from this little village of 200 people, including several of its leading business men, were lost on the Empress of Ireland. A telegram from Montreal says they took the steamer. Their names are not in the list of saved.

The Houston victims are Andrew Carlson, Ulf Johnson, John Gustavson and Mrs. Alvin Carlson and her four children.

GERMAN HOSPITAL DEDICATED.

Building Costs \$35,000 and Marks Sixteen Years Effort.

With the dedication yesterday afternoon of the German Hospital, Warner avenue and Hudson County Boulevard Jersey City, the dream of the members of the German Hospital and Dispensary Association was realized.

Sixteen years ago the society was organized. Those who joined to build the hospital faced a hard problem raising funds for the erection of the building. The building cost \$35,000, is a twenty-four bed institution and is an open hospital.

Charles W. Ostrom, chairman of the dedication committee, presided at the ceremonies, which were witnessed by 5,000 persons. He read messages of regret from President Wilson, who, as Governor of New Jersey, made the principal address at the laying of the cornerstone of the institution May 19, 1912, and from Gov. Fielder and the President's secretary, Joseph Tumulty.



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